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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "augE2001" (2001). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 1047.
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Bard

what is ridiculous is typing on a keyboard like this
the keyboard should be as big as the keys on a grand piano
as an organ, as the huge théâtre organ in Radio City full of pink light

I should be able to type with my elbows and arms
I should be able to dance on the pedals like gay balding organists
I should be able to slam my knee against stops
Yank ivory knobs out of old wooden consoles
Sing and jump around on my oaken bench
And all of it mean something,

All of it come out as language! That's what I want,
You fuckers at Microsoft, you miniaturists at Sony,
I want an action console, I want a computer with belly and bones,

I want something that answers the mood of my body
The moves of my body, and writes everything down as more or less words.

25 August 2001

Tell take think word.
Be bold of not meaning.
Not what you say but.

O no not do. O yes what you
let say itself despite you

using your word-hoard, the copper
pathways of your neuro-

logical syntax — this means you —
the sex

of your intelligence.
Let the world (i.e. language)

use you.
Let language use you
to say it.
What?
To say what it has to say.
To say what there is to be said.

25 August 2001

PISS

26 August 2001

As into this book deliver
The old man and his daughter

Ferocious nerves. Ich bebe, ich zittere

The tremor at the gate of desire is not different from the tremor at the gates
of death.

Love told me this. And William Blake, dusty but not old,
rose out of the corner of the new room and explained it further.

Unaccountably nervous at eleven a.m. doctor as if I were afraid of myself.

But this self I fear, it is actually made up of others. Other people. You.
This self of mine is actually you. What you are doing, what you have done.
(*Was thust Du? Was thatest Du?*)

O to be alone with God as Christian mystics felt they were, unconcerned
about the proximate Other[s].

And that *is* so, that is close, it is to be in Buddha mind, compassionating all,
obsessed with none. Liberty begins with immensity. (I learned that first
from Cortázar: “Liberty, or the immense world.”)

26 August 2001

Our eyes are a mouth that speaks the biggest alphabet
namely seeing all.

27 August 2001

And if it were music that let me
I would be a baron in Baltic pines
a glum hedonist in many tongues

as if a trumpet softly snickered in a moonlit room
it is, is it,
all about believing.

Bluing makes white clothes whiter,
be blue.
Believe me, I am the same as desire.

27 August 2001

ARABIAN NIGHTS

merciless because time

no other foeman *enemy*
and yet it all depends *hangs on, moves to*

according to which cycle *wheel*
we accept to live in

live on
choose.

This is not the mother language of the world

but something deeper, edda.

It takes as long to live as to hear this song

It is not Sheherazade who would die at
dawn if the story fails (if she fails the story)

but he would die, the king would die,
that is the real story, he is kept alive by the story
spun by the kindly woman his slave his bride *sa mère*

she sustains all living by her telling.

No one can outlive the story.
When her story stops I am finished.

I love you I love you tell me more lies.

That is enough for us to know about us,
you changed the whole story.

27 August 2001

DREAM PLACE

leaves only slightest echo saying
what moved there behind a just closed door
just enough sound to let me know
they're in there I was in there

strange duplications of a shallow guess.
Why have I cut myself
off from what I dreamed?

Or did they do it?
A hundred thousand years on earth and still don't know
if we dream or we are dreamed.

28 August 2001

SPHINXES

1.

We want to come
to an understanding

a parting
of the ways

west into
ignorance east into sleep

2.

Why does time
that moves so fast
make all it touches
move so slow?

3.

old hard-drive old car old horse old man

29 August 2001

QUARRELS

(1)

All the measurements mean me
he told her, that is the empiric
love song, you are an instrument
built for me, and I an ancient genesis
of lives to learn to play you

or

I am that equation to which you are
the only answer.

The only
answer you've found yet, she says,

your heart is an unoccupied trapeze
jiggling in the wind over an empty fairground.

30 August 2001

QUARRELS

(2)

Flower petal.
Who?

30 August 2001

QUARRELS

(3)

Waiting for the artiste
to ride me
into the next extravagance

love is mutual humiliation
she kneels before me
my heart at her feet

30 August 2001

OUTDOORS, READING GAUTIER

Someone who doesn't want what
I want or dream my own desires — he
Will abrogate this bitter hour

Women and other religions
I have spent my life
Seeking greatness through devotion

Sun conjunct Venus, Mars
On my ascendant. What can I do.
And who would ever trust me to?

30 August 2001
(fierce transits of this day)

Confronted with breakfast
a part of the natural world
somehow assigned for me to
take inside my body

how to get it there the mouth
the teeth the reluctant
gullet I have been doing this
all my life what benefit

I am tired of eating
tired of taking in
where does it get a man
a habit of morning

as in the boarding houses
of Pike County Pennsylvania
all morning exhausted
people wait for lunch.

31 August 2001

Now fix your eyes
as well as you can
on the trembling leaves
of this little maple

(wind uneasy fast
it will rain today

a maple's leaves
are heavy

an octet of strings

it will rain) fix
your eyes on this music

these sounds you can't hear
through the car window

and what you must bear in mind
(must: because I tell you,
you disobedient child,
you slut, you me)

bear in mind that every leaf
has a word on it

(is that right, or is it
every leaf a word?)

a word you have to learn to read,
you frivolous daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë,

you tedious son of Belial.

And God said:

I have told my lies
Into the wind
And the trees listened.

31 August 2001
Red Hook

Reader, did any author
ever tell you
just how dull you are,
what a burden you are,
how maddeningly dense
you are, thick,
beautiful, thick and beautiful,
we have to keep
telling you over and over

the river and the mountain
the angel and the loom
refinery steel mill
you, yes you, we have to keep
telling you how things are

how beautiful you are
you never listen
why can't you see
that you are the sun
and the moon rises from your lap,

your beautiful bored indifferent face
my only light
o glory glory here
I put the truth and beauty of you
smug hot wet in your hand.

31 August 2001
Red Hook

Till we forget what we were doing when we came in
But we were always here there are no stars further than your hand

I have examined the philosophers stretched out on their crosses
I have tasted the blend of salt and blood and something else

A sad liquor that courses down their pale bruised bodies
The dangling questions that torture them more than the flies

And I conclude that we have been here since the beginning
Having come from the ground and bound somehow for heaven

But none of these words mean what they use them to mean
And none of them mean the things we think

When we look at one another and begin to have the idea
That this is someone I know even this is someone I have always known.

31 August 2001